WHEATLEY, PHILLIS, 1753-1784.  
Phillis Wheatley collection, 1757-1773

Emory University  
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Descriptive Summary
Creator: Wheatley, Phillis, 1753-1784.  
Title: Phillis Wheatley collection, 1757-1773  
Call Number: Manuscript Collection No.796  
Extent: .25 linear foot (1 box) and 1 oversized papers box (OP)  
Abstract: Collection of poet Phillis Wheatley, including two eighteenth-century copybooks from Boston, Massachusetts containing unattributed and attributed verse.  
Language: Materials entirely in English.

Administrative Information

Restrictions on Access  
Unrestricted access.

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Source  
Purchase, 1997.

Citation  
[after identification of item(s)], Phillis Wheatley collection, Stuart A. Rose Manuscript, Archives, and Rare Book Library, Emory University.

Processing  
Processed by Susan Potts McDonald.

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Collection Description

Biographical Note
Phillis Wheatley (1753-1784), poet, born in Africa. A slave, as a child she was purchased by John Wheatley, merchant tailor, of Boston, Mass. At age 17, her broadside "On the Death of the Reverend George Whitefield," was published in Boston. In 1773, her only book, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral*, containing thirty-eight poems, was published in London.

Scope and Content Note
The collection consists of two eighteenth-century copybooks from Boston, Massachusetts from ca. 1754-1773. The copybooks contain unattributed and attributed verse including poetry published in newspapers and magazines and poetry attributed to William Shakespeare, John Dryden, Peter Motteaux, William Pinkington, and Jonathan Swift. Of particular interest is the larger of the two copybooks which includes a previously unpublished variant of Phillis Wheatley's poem, "A Hymn to Humanity," which was first published in *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral* (London, September 1773). The poem, dated December 12, 1773, contains significant textual changes and identifies for the first time who the poem was dedicated to.
## Container List

**Phillis Wheatley**

### Contents of small copybook entitled "Joining Copies"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Box</th>
<th>Folder</th>
<th>Content</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| 1   | 1-8    | Rules of Life (page 1-8)  
I. In all things both Spiritual & Temporal,….. |
| 1   | 9      | Providence: Ye sons of men with [sic] with Satisfaction know…  
The Rose, By J. Addision: "Go, Rose, my Chloe's Bosom grace…  
Written under a Picture of Dr. Mayhew: What ths' Artist's obvious touch may paint…  
On Life: by JW.d: Ah brittle Life, delusive airy Dream |
| 1   | 10     | On the Pen: the Pen an Instrument tho' small…  
Industry: "Tis industry alone procures…  
The Flea: Little hinderer of my rest…  
Gods speech to Adam: Hail, thou great Masterpieces of Skill Divine… |
| 1   | 11     | Acrostic on: in Messenger & Spy: Can anyone tell, why so many be…  
The Art of Printing or Writing, a Poem, Messenger & Spy: Hail mystic art!  
Which men like angels taught…  
The wise and mighty guardian of mankind… from Messenger & Spy |
| 1   | 12-13  | Against Bribery at Elections: Curs'd be the wretch that's bought & sold… |
| 1   | 14     | Horace. Book 1 AXII imitated. Gentlemen's Magazine. The freeholder whose sure defense  
Epigram. In gratitude tho’ ..... in all Climes… |
| 1   | 15-16  | The passing Bett. When each ston solemn sound I hear… |
| 1   | 16     | Epitaph design'd for the author. Gentlemen's Magazine. I had my feelings, be the truth confess'd…  
Epigram to a Lady. Gentleman's Magazine. When in your glass that beauteous form survey'd… |
| 1   | 17     | Great Cry and Little Wool; or the Mountain in Labor. Once on a time a mountain grand…  
Time's Address To Plytus and Cupid. Tis I who measure vital space… |
| 1   | 18     | The Flower, a Simile. Gentlemen's Magazine, 1754. Hast thou, dear Dick, on yonder green… |
| 1   | 19     | The War-Horse. Fleet as the mind, he shoots along the plain…  
An ODE on Retirement by a young Lady. I envy not he proud their wealth… |
| 1   | 20     | A Hymn for the Morning. Awake, ye drowsy souls, awake… |
| 1   | 21     | ?. Dryden. The …physicians by debauch were made… |
From the Art of charming. What is the blooming tincture of a Skin…
Let us live where we will, 7 whatever's our Station…
Instructions are useless, if a Actions don't suit..

1 22 Dr. Watts. O may some pious Friend who weeping, stands…
Education. Creeck. The Jockey trains the young & slender Horse…
Dress. There is a mean in all things, certain rules…

1 23 To unsteady minds. Uneasy Fools, who Business quit…
On Letter Writing. Heav'n first taught Letters for some Wretch's Aid…
Select Precepts. Bear no false witness, let thy Words by just:…

1 24 Various rhymes.
True content. Man persecutes himself with Pains & Care…
The Evening Sacrifice. Thro' every period of my life…

1 25 A Short Epigrammatic Dialogue Between A Passenger and a Turtle Dove.
    Passenger. Why pretty turtle dost thou mourn…

1 26 Description of a Tempest. The rushing storm from every quarter pours…
On seeing a young Lady break a Glass accidentally. By her Brother. See Sister, in this shatter'd glass…
The Choice. Give me a girl, if e'er I take a wife…

1 27 An Elegy. On hearing the bell chiming for ye intern of a Course. Hark! Now the solemn peal begins…
To a Lady who ask'd what is Love? Love's no irregular desire…
All is Vanity. The active youth a lifeless cump shall be…

1 28 The happy Country Lass. How happy is the harless country maid…
Death makes all equal, a Dream. I dreamt that bury'd in my fellon day…
On the troubles of this life. As we know it is decreed…

1 29 The Contrast. Virtue alone has that to give…
Command of Hand. Sure in it flight, tho' swift as Angel'sWing…
The Penman's Advice to young Gentlemen. Ye British Youths, our Age's Hope & Care…

1 30 On the Art of Writing. Steve Motteox. Hail, mystic Art which men, life Angels taught…
The wonder, or Riddle of Riddles. I saw a peacock, with a fiery tail…

1 31 On the Island of Great Britain. Hail Queen of Isles…
On Man. Dodsley. Man's a poor deluded bubble…
Dreams. Dreams are the interludes which fancy makes…

1 32 The Choice. A beauty without affectation…

1 33 Blank

1 34-57 Single line verse: A-Z
Contents of large copybook

2

Inside back cover:
Fair Cynthia queen of Night…
Youth like the transient rose…
The little warbler's sing…

2 1

The voice of Freedom, By Uniting we stand, by Dividing we fell! Immortal
Farmer. Americans attend to Freedom's cry!…January 18, 1773

2 2

Hymn to Humanity. To S.P. Gallowy, Esq. who corrected some Poetic Essays of
the Authoress. Lo! For this dark terrestrial Dome…Phillis Wheatley, Boston,
December 12, 1773.

OP1 1

Hymn to Humanity, broadside, 1773.
To a bad Fiddler. Old Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd old nicks…
The advantage of having two physicians. One prompt Physician like a sculler
flies…
On some snow that melted on a Lady's Breast. Those envious flakes came down
in haste…

Thomas & his Spouse. When Thomas calls his wife his half…

On Milton. Three poets in three distant ages born…

2 3

On Love. Love is begot by fancy bred
On a pretty Lady of ill-temper. Did Celia's person & her mind agree…
Epitaph on a Miser. Beneath this verdant hillock lies…
Epitaph on R. Button Esq. Oh sun! Moon! Stars! & ye celestial poles!…

True Riches. Iris tho' want: gold & lands…

2 4

On Repentance. Tis not to cry out mercy or to sit…
On a young Lady married to a Clergyman… The gods assembled in debate…
The Rose. Would love appoint some flow'r to reign…

Laughter. Nature a thousand ways complains…

2 5

A New Long. Contented all day could I sit by your side…
Modesty. Never pretend to skill, nor wish to seem…
Whatever the gen'rous mind itself denies…Steele.

2 6

Contentment. Lovely lasting Peace of Mind…

2 7

The Branches whisper as they wav'd… Parnell.
LIFE. To-morrow, to-morrow, & to-morrow…

Providence. Look round how providence bestows alike…

2 8

PRIDE. Of all the causes which conspire to blind…
On the Oak. From the small acorn see the oak arise…
On parting with a little child. Dear, farewell a little while…
The Governess, a simile. As when blithe lambs their vernal revels keep…
True Policy, or the Government of Bees. So work the honey bees…
To My Love. At length the ??? Years have limp'd away…

On the Bible. Hail sacred Book they heav'nly pages show…